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NCM
James









A

NCI
Jar



DAY DREAMS.



No subject

DAY DREAMS,
TO WHICH ARE ADDED SOME TRANSLATIONS
FROM THE ITALIAN.

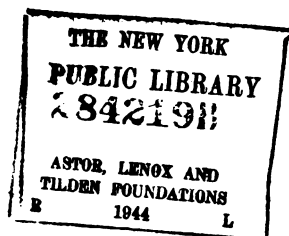
BY
SIR JOHN KINGSTON JAMES, BARONET, M.A.
CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY
DELLA CRUSCA.
Author of a Translation of Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata."

"She was my vision in the night,
My waking dream by day."
Old Song, 1607.



27
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1879.
AV



CHISWICK PRESS :—C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT,
CHANCERY LANE.

TO
THE ARCH-CONSUL AND MEMBERS OF
THE ROYAL ACADEMY
DELLA CRUSCA.

TO YOU I DEDICATE THESE LEAVES, AS EARNEST OF
THE DEEP AND ABIDING SENSE OF THE
GREAT HONOUR CONFERRED, IN ELECTING ME
A MEMBER OF YOUR ILLUSTRIOUS
BODY.

J. K. J.

Robert 24 Apr. 1946





CONTENTS.

	Page
<div style="display: inline-block; width: 100px; height: 80px; border: 1px solid black; position: relative;"> <div style="position: absolute; top: 0; left: 0; width: 100%; height: 100%; background: repeating-linear-gradient(45deg, transparent, transparent 2px, black 2px, black 4px);"></div> </div>	<p>O the Arch-Consul and Members of the Royal Academy Della Crusca 1</p> <p>To Garibaldi 6</p> <p>Oft at the hour when day is break- ing 11</p> <p>Translating Tasso 18</p> <p>The Girl and the Bird 22</p> <p>To — 25</p> <p>To C. I. J. 27</p> <p>To — 29</p> <p>Ye alderliest Dublin hills ! 31</p> <p>To — 33</p> <p>To a Favourite Canary that I trod upon 35</p> <p>Verona 38</p> <p>Venice 41</p> <p>Spezzia 44</p> <p>To — 46</p> <p>Glengariffe 50</p>

	Page
To G. H.	52
To the River Guul, Norway	54
To the Bride—a River	56
What is it sheds such magic o'er a name?	58
On Hearing that a Beautiful Girl was Dying	59
To ———	61
To ———	63
Cui Placet Obliviscitur, cui Dolet Meminit	65
Adeline	67
When shall we meet again?	69
They told me I should not believe	71

TRANSLATIONS.

Tanto Gentile	75
Del Pellegrini	76
Voi che Ascoltate	79
Era il Giorno	81
Son Animali	83
Quanto Piu M' Avvicino	85
Solo e Penoso	87
P'vo Piangendo	89
Se Lamentar	91
In Qual Parte del Ciel	93
Laffo che Mal Accorto	95
Io Amai Sempre	97
Io Son fi Stanco	99
Cefare Poi	101
Or che il Cielo	103
Levommi il Mio Penfier	105

Contents.

xi

	Page
Chi Vuol Veder	107
Ne Mai Pietoso Madre	109
Erano i Capei D'oro	111
Benedetto sia 'l Giorno	113
Rotta è L'alta Colonna	115
Non Puo far Morte	117
Vago Angelletto	119
In the sweet echoes that extracted are	121
Gli Occhi di Ch'io	123
Si Spesso a Consolarmi	125
Mentre che' Amor	127
Come Creder Debb'io	129
Written on the Statue of Night	131
Poi che Sdegno	132
Lieta e Chiusa	134
Padre Eterno del Ciel	136
Parmi che'l Sol	138
Orrida Notte	140
Doglia che Vaga	142
Mormoranti	144
La Prigion Fu	146
La Bella Pargoletta	148
Diodati	149
Anch'io	151
Italia ! O Italia	153
Ov' e Italia	155
O, death, that tak'ft so great a part of me	157
Aura Soave	159
This mortal life, which seems so fair	161

	Page
Ah ! little bird ! how very dear thou art . . .	162
A rose Lycoris gave her flame	163
Che far Potea	164
The Last Farewell	166
Due Ninfe	168
Chi mi Vede	170
Quando la Fe.	172
Donna che Bella Sia	174
Il Sogno	175
Heaven made us happy fathers desolate . . .	176
After the ball-room's glare	178
Quando Elpin	180
Alfieri	182
Sonnet affixed to the Portal of St. Peter's, Rome	184
The lilies on Cogava's brink	186
The bird of song in Naniva	186
Where is the realm of the wind	187





TO THE ARCH-CONSUL AND MEMBERS
OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY
DELLA CRUSCA

ON BEING NOMINATED A CORRESPONDING MEMBER.



S CARCE had I hoped that in my
waning years,
When every sense is burden'd with
their weight,
I should experience a new pleasure—I
That had exhausted all the old—youth, health,
Arms, idleness, ev'n every hope, save the one,
And foreign travel, and the arch delight
Of telling in our tongue an alien's thoughts.
Ev'n this, the master passion of my prime,

B

H Y P L

Began somewhat to pall, although, at times,
When musing o'er the great original,
All its old charm came back as vividly
As when at first beneath its spell I choked.
From fairest bower I pass once more to field,
Where the horrible, harmonious trumpet rings,
Then back from all its carnage and its din
To the sweet, silent solitudes of love.
Now seems the poem on a rose leaf writ,
Now on a shield amid the fume of war.
Happy, thrice happy, do I deem the choice
That led me to explore its boundless wealth,
Instead of baring my own poverty !
But still the poet ever seem'd a star
Whom I could neither grasp nor realize,
He loom'd so distant, stately, and sublime ;
When, of a sudden, all amazed, I start
To find that as 'twixt heaven and earth we
meet.

But can all this be true?—or, do I dream,
And wake to find life's dream reality—
Now that all former pleasures are eclipsed,

Hearing my humble self in the same breath
Named with Torquato Tasso—and by You !
And that your great Academy has deign'd
In me to honour the illustrious dead.
But no ; I cannot ev'n in thought allow
Myself to arrogate such honour—nay,
Rather would I his mighty shade invoke,
And in the midst of you who know him best,
His pardon ask that, having dared so much,
I had not better represented him ;
Having fail'd to follow his transcendent flight,
Or catch the inspiration of his muse,
Nor gave my country but a bastard sound
Of his harmonious and majestic verse,
Which after lapse of ages echoes still,
And with as grand sonorous music rings,
As when he first in his full vigour sang.
But haply, if long study and great love
Of my great master may excuse defects,
I shall not seek forgiveness all in vain,
Assured of your indulgent sympathy,
Who in my poor attempt have recognized

An honest wish to extend Italian fame,
And whose approval is, I feel, a spur
To rouse me to fresh efforts, and at least,
By them my utter gratitude to show.
Not kings, though they the fount of honour
deem'd,

Could have bestow'd an honour half so prized
As that which from your hands I now receive
And, as firstfruits, I crave the privilege
To atone with him¹ whose loving care has
raised

A living monument to Tasso's fame,
And on it place, in kindred sympathy,
The wreath your favour has accorded me,
But which fits ill upon my blushing brow.
So for the future may a common love
Your members bind, constraining them to cry
With one accord, and with a single voice,
"Onorate l' altissimo poeta!"

And so efface the undeservèd stains
Upon him cast by sons of yours of yore.

¹ Signor Cefare Guasti, Secretary of the Academy.

Thus were rewarded the long years of toil,
Thus crown'd the aspirations of a life!
Thus could I vaunt at least reflected fame,
If link'd with Taffo's my unworthy name.





TO GARIBALDI.

MILAN, OCTOBER, 1860.



NCE more I pass Alps' icy chains,
And feel already in my veins
The blood more light and free ;
Into new life it seems to leap
As I descend thy mountains steep—
Enchanting Italy !

Here pregnant earth and nature teem
With rank exuberance, they seem
Unlike our latitudes ;
The very grape upon the vine,
As if anticipating wine,
Its amber juice exudes.

To Garibaldi.

7

And what rich contrasts strike the eye !
Oleanders 'gainst yon azure sky,
 In crimson drifts behold.
What lovely tints, what mellow tones,
The purple figs, the very stones
 Here lichen'd into gold !

Again I hear the glowing tongue
That Petrarch, Tasso, Dante, sung ;
 To me, its simple sound
Appears more sweet than all the sense,
Than all the wit or eloquence
 In other language found.

But Hark ! who doth his thunders
 launch,
Collecting as an avalanche
 Fresh force from every side ?
Who, rolling onwards gathers strength
From kindred souls, aroused at length,
 Their joy, their hope, their pride !

Who came, saw, conquer'd—nay, whose
 name
Won bloodless victories ere he came—
 Whose shadow scared away
The ruffian hordes whom tyrant power
Had bribed with gold—but in the hour
 Of danger, where were they?

They could not save the Bourbon's throne
From one who bearded them alone,
 And did a realm o'erthrow :
Who won their hireling ranks and took
St. Elmo's fortrefs by a look,
 Nor struck a second blow.

Since faith of all his powers was chief,
He paused not to believe belief,
 But hasten'd to the goal.
Self-trust, the child of simple faith,
Our stay in life, our hope in death,
 So utterly fill'd his soul.

To Garibaldi.

9

Like noxious vapours, which the sun
Dispels, by simply shining on,
So at his mere advance
The King fled howling in dismay,
The motley hosts dissolved away
At Garibaldi's glance.

To thee and to thy loyal King
The inebriate people pæans sing
From rise to set of sun;
On Milan's dome the snowy spires
Blaze with the light of thousand fires
That tell of freedom won.

And soon there will be heard no
more
From Venice to Sicilia's shore
The Goth's barbaric twang;
But in its place will ring the "Si"
Of one united Italy,
As Dante dream'd and sang.

But though Utopian sophists wrote,
With giant force thy right hand smote—
And so broke through the charm.
The poet's hope, the patriot's scheme,
Had still remain'd an idle dream
Without thy trenchant arm.

Hence unborn ages will not fail
Thee, Garibaldi, yet to hail
As the most glorious son
Of that fair land thy arm did free
From torture, chains, and slavery,
Thou second Washington!

Thee we shall see, the contest o'er,
Thy sabre sheath'd, retire once more
To lone Caprera's isle;
Despising earth's most sought-for ranks,
Content to read thy country's thanks
In her awaken'd smile.



"He who does not imagine in stronger and better lineaments, and in stronger and better light than his perishing mortal eye can see, does not imagine at all."—BLAKE.



FT at the hour when day is breaking,
Between a-sleeping and awaking,
I see with still-closed eyes
Bright visions, so intensely bright
That, melting with excess of light,
They vanish as they rise.

Glimpses of golden lands I snatch,
Strains of unearthly music catch,
Borne on whose lofty flight
I spurn the earth, and as I rise
To heaven, it seems the opening skies
My ravish'd soul invite.

Day Dreams.

Into the measureless expanse
Of peopled planets I advance,
Where Jupiter and Mars,
And Mercury and many more,
Though of the brightest, pale before
The illimitable stars.

And higher, higher, ever on,
Far past the regions of the sun,
The ecstatic spirit springs
To new and ever-brightening spheres,
Whose music in my spell-bound ears
With sound seraphic rings ;

And thinks, as all entranced it roams,
“ These stars, it must be, are the homes
Of mortals after death—
The many mansions which the Lord
In His reveal'd life-giving Word
To mankind promiseth.”

Transported by such thoughts, I find
Two powers contending in the mind
Which sdeigning the control
Of conscioufness to bind it, feels
A something that unconscious steals
Upon the hidden soul.

A something which we can't define,
But which, less human than divine,
Unlocks the secret springs
Of a mysterious latent sense
That tells of future providence,
And of forgotten things.

The ghosts of scarce-remember'd years,
And shadowy forms and shadowy fears,
Of joys for ever fled,
Of hope that drooping oft revives,
Of faith that unextinguish'd lives,
Though hope itself be dead.

And indefinable sensations,
Vague yearnings, struggles, aspirations—
 A doubtful second sight
That can but dimly, blindly see,
Till quicken'd from its lethargy,
 By more than mortal light.

And she, my darling upon earth,
Transfigured through the second birth,
 In radiant youth is there;
But much more beautiful she seems
Than ever in my wildest dreams
 I had imagined her.

Her hair floats on her neck, her eyes
Have caught fresh meaning from the
 skies,
 And all beatified
An angel she before me stands,
And beckoning with uplifted hands,
 Invites me to her side.

Do I waking think, or sleeping dream?
As things past comprehension seem
 My 'wilder'd thoughts to strain,
And in their wanderings to have
 caught
A spark beyond the pale of thought
 That penetrates the brain,

Which inform'd with transcendent light
Revels in riotous delight
 To sober sense unknown,
Making of all that science knows,
Of all that fancy can disclose,
 An empire of its own.

By such celestial virtue fired,
Columbus saw, as if inspired,
 Another world, whence he,
In full-plumed faith his sails unfurl'd,
And reach'd that undiscover'd world
 Across an uncross'd sea.

* So we may in this mortal strife
Trace shadows of that other life,
For man by Jesus won,
But which, as will'd by Supreme will,
We shall not fully see until
Our earthly race is run.

The shipwreck'd sailor in his hour
Of extreme peril feels a power—
A spell—a know not what,
Which at the moment ere he sinks
Welds in one lengthen'd chain the
links
Of time and place forgot.

And as beneath the water yawns,
Before his sight a future dawns
Of mingled doubt and dread;
A memory for life entomb'd
Is in that awful hour exhumed;
The grave gives back its dead.

As thus the darkness, touch'd with light,
Lays open to his startled fight
 The long arrears of sin ;
Like one exploring haunted halls,
Whom sudden spectral fright appals,
 He dares not look within.

For who will venture to gainsay,
When at the last doom-dealing day
 Our God our Judge we see,
That His dread record of the soul,
Be not the everlasting roll
 Of tell-tale memory ?

But, thank'd be God ! in child-like faith
We can deride the power of death,
 Through Christ's atonement free,
And with the inspired apostle sing
Triumphant, "Where is, death, thy sting?
 Where, grave, thy victory? "



TRANSLATING TASSO

ON THE BANKS OF THE AWBEG—

SPENSER'S MULLA.



ENTRANCED for hours by Mulla's
stream I sit,
And on the page that once taught
Spenser pore;
For he drank deep of Tasso's muse; from it
He drew his love of legendary lore.

Thus both his founts of inspiration I
Have at command—the river and the book,
While in my lap Torquato's volumes lie,
Beneath my feet still rolls the immortal brook.

Translating Tasso. 19

Here where the beeches overarch its stream,
And with their shade conceal day's garish
light,
Rapt in a world of waking thought I dream :
Nor idly wait return of slow-paced night.

My sole distraction now—ah ! blissful ease—
Is from their haunts to lure the golden trout,
Where curls the water with propitious breeze,
And drag with zest my little victims out.

Historic Mulla ! like thy living stream
May my undying numbers glide along,
And with like strength and like transparence
teem,
The flowing tide of my harmonious song.

And while pursuing its uncheck'd career,
Still varying beauties like thyself unfold ;
There stealing gently—dashing madly here,
Deep, yet not tame, though sparkling still
not cold.

Now genial May with violets gems the banks,
And the fward robes in fuit of brighteft
green ;
With wild wood-forrel pregnant Nature pranks
The fpot ftill haunted by a Faery Queen.

Not from bald fancy had the poet fought
His infpiration, had he feen as I
Her living charms with all the magic fraught
Of thy more vivid fprings—reality !

My task is light to copy, not create,
Were words but able to portray the grace,
And catch thofe beams of foul that animate
The rapt expreffion of her angel face.

In each whole change I feem to recognize
The play of thought that caufes it, and fee
In the full meaning of her eloquent eyes
The very foul and fource of poetry.

And if I now o'er Tasso's pages throw
A warmth, a colour, howsoever slight,
If through my pen Armida's beauties glow,
However faintly, in his blaze of light :

Thine is the due whose loveliness and worth,
First touch'd my heart, and rais'd my soul
above
The low and sensual desires of earth,
And gave foretaste of heaven in thy love.

Castle Widenham.





THE GIRL AND THE BIRD.



HE night had scarce her veil with-
drawn,
And stars still mock'd the doubt-
ful dawn,

When up from where she lay
Sprang Mabel, heedless of the dark,
In her desire to hear the lark
Salute the break of day.

Oft, oft she had been waken'd by,
When fast asleep, the joyous cry
Of his familiar note:
But now awake, she sought the first
Spontaneous, passionate outburst
Of his sleep-freshen'd throat.

The vermeil tints now golden turning
Set nature's plastic features burning
 Beneath the sun's fierce brow,
When, as if quicken'd by its flame,
From all the bushes music came,
 A voice from every bough.

She listening at her lattice stood,
And saw from out the mist-wreathed
 wood
 A thousand songsters rise ;
Some flutter'd up and quick resumed
Their perch ; their pinions others plumed,
 As if to mount the skies.

But past the rest, near out of sight,
As scorning limits to his flight,
 The heavenly skylark soar'd ;
And as from earth he farther flew,
More weird and more unearthly grew
 The melody he pour'd.

In unison her features play'd,
And reproduced each light and shade
Of his enraptured strain.
A new-born joy she seem'd to snatch,
And, as it were, the madness catch
Of his delirious brain.

Her frenzy heighten'd by the bird's,
Had fail'd by mere articulate words
To paint delight so strong.
As deep a meaning you could trace
In her expressive, eloquent face
As in the wild bird's song.





TO — —.



THE autumn leaves are falling fast,
The wind makes melancholy
moan
Among the beeches rudely blown
By dank November's blast.

The sick senescence languisheth
Of an effete expiring year,
And faded are and grey and fere
The colours of its death,

Save where some fiery creeper shows
In its ensanguined hectic bloom,
The fever that foreruns its doom,
The taint that marks his close.

No more updrunken by the sun,
But swoln with rains which now are rife,
The streams alone have larger life,
And with more riot run.

The insects born of spring are dead,
Nor of the birds that came with May
Do any in our cold clime stay,
But to the south have fled.

And with them thou—while I in lone
And bitter solitude remain,
And champ the curb, and fret the rein
That holds me here—thou gone.

And if at times I seem more gay,
It is the better to conceal
The utter loneliness I feel,
But would to none betray.



TO C. I. J.

WITH A MOSAIC BROOCH OF FORGET-ME-
NOTS ON HER BIRTHDAY.



HOUGH silent I, these flowers reveal
The setting current of my thought,
And utter what I utterly feel,
Forget-me-not!

Forget-me-not as years roll by,
But let it be my happy lot,
That thou respondest to the cry,
Forget-me-not!

I care less if remember'd now,
Or if by absent friends forgot,
My only care, my prayer that thou,
Forget-me-not!

Living I'll ever write this day,
However distant be the spot,
And when I'm dead these stones will say,
Forget-me-not!

Florence, May 6, 1860.





TO — —.



IS hard to tell, when looking upon
thee,

Whether thou art more good or
fair or wise.

Did ever mortal move so gracefully,

Were ever seen such sympathetic eyes?

And when conversing on some favourite theme

Thou addest knowledge to one's special lore
Amazed one is to find the subject teem

With latent beauties unobserved before.

Then all those better works which will
endure,

When these extrinsic gifts have pass'd away—

To tend the sick, the needy, and the poor,
To love thy neighbour, and thy God obey—
All these combine to render thee what no man
Has ever seen till now—a perfect woman.

Florence, 1878.





E alderliest Dublin hills !
On leaving you my full heart fills,
And fill mine eyes with tears,
Ye conjure up a shadowy train
Of bygone pleasure dash'd with pain,
And grave with falling years.

Ye are the same, but ah ! how changed
Am I since as a boy I ranged
Your gorse-fringed, fragrant slopes,
Ere able to distinguish truth
Amid the blinding fumes of youth,
And youth's fallacious hopes.

But now I see with other eyes,
And though the mist that on them lies
 The visual sense obscure,
Still through the insight of the mind,
No more from clouds of error blind,
 Perception is more sure.

I see the changes wrought by time
Upon green youth and golden prime,
 And feel—myself grown old—
How small the chance that on this earth,
The loving pair who gave me birth
 I shall again behold.

Still let us hope,—this short life past,—
That we shall haply meet at last,
 To part no more in heaven,
Where free from sorrow and from pain,
We shall eternal peace obtain,
 Forgiving and forgiven.

On board the "Ulster."



TO — —.

1876.



OW comes that joyous season of the
year,
When in their emerald apparel clad,
The woods re-echo with the wild
bird's song;
When the fish spring and grubs turn butter-
flies,
And nature breathes forth universal love,
And all is hope and promise; when each flower,
Though of the simplest, cowslip, violet,
Or the pale primrose, is instinct with life
And flouts her flaunting sisters of July;
And if with many another lovely flower

You have been stricken down, God grant that
you

Reap utterly the genial influence
And fullest power of vivifying May.
Its balmy breath brace up the unstrung nerves,
Fresh force impart into the drooping frame,
And graft its roses on the pallid cheek.
May grace and peace be multiplied in you !
God give you of the fatness of the earth,
And may He give you of the dew of heaven,
He who to glory calls us by His Christ.
And after that you have suffered awhile
Perfect you, strengthen, stablish, settle you.
And as at this boon season we behold
New life and beauty in the inanimate world,
And know that save corn die it bides alone,
But if it die it bringeth forth much fruit,
So knowing that we must pass from life to
death,
May that belief confirm, increase our faith
In Him who died for us that we may live.



TO A FAVOURITE CANARY THAT
I TROD UPON.

Fontainebleau, 1860.



NO sound did aye so sweet appear,
Or fall so welcome on mine ear,
As that which now I heard.
Ah! how my spirit did rejoice
To catch once more thy gentle voice,
My alderliefeft bird!

Since I had deem'd were ever hush'd
Those dulcet notes as almost crush'd
Beneath my feet he lay,
Quick came and went his fluttering breath,
His eyelids closed,—alas! of death
He seem'd the guileless prey.

But that I thought it sinful, I
Had pray'd to God thou might'st not die,
 Beloved as thou art;
On bended knee had fought in prayer
Relief against the keen despair
 That wrung me to the heart.

“Live, live, my darling little pet,
Live, live,” I cried,—“nor leave me yet,
 Again thy bright eyes ope.”
Mine own with blinding tears were dim
As piteously I gazed on him,
 Almost bereft of hope.

When lo! he piped—not skylark's note
When straining his mellifluous throat
 The dawn of day to greet,
Not nightingale in greenwood grove
When pouring forth his soul in love
 Was ever half so sweet.

By warrior bold the clarion's strain,
By thirsty traveller falling rain,
 By wave-tost pilgrim shore,
By miser piles of glittering wealth,
By patient gleams of coming health—
 Were never welcomed more.

Flutter again thy gladsome wing,
Thy top-knot ruffle,—sing, dear, sing,
 Thou should'st not me refuse,
For there are many friends on earth,
And many a thing of greater worth,
 That I would liefer lose.





VERONA.



THE moon is up, and not a fingle
cloud
Floats in heaven's sapphire vault—
the bufy world,
With all its sober, unromantic truths,
Is veil'd behind yon curtain, star-inwrought,
Which, as a drop fcene on the mimic ftage,
Appears to fall from heaven, and for awhile
Shut out appearance of profaic fact.
Abstracted thus from dull realities,
Fond fancy foars upon unfetter'd wing,
And, of the prefent heedlefs, views the paff
Through the rofe medium wrought by poetry.

And on what spot of more poetic drift
Could she her vision ope? Here still she sees
The enamour'd Juliet, on yon balcony,
Hang o'er the music of her Romeo;
Still hears the false and fickle Proteus
Sigh as he sings, "Ah! where is Sylvia?"
While on this square, by shadows mystified,
His deathless spirit stalks. For it was here
Great Can received the greater Florentine,
And Dante's spirit makes it hallow'd ground.
For if there's aught of poor mortality
That seems to scape the common doom of
 death,
And still retain its old vitality,
'Tis the ethereal essence that survives
In the rapt numbers of undying song,
Which can with more religious influence,
Than mitred prelate in empurpled robe
Sublime and consecrate the meanest spot.
'Tis not, if we had power to raise the dead,
And converse hold with the illustrious past,
An Alexander or Napoleon

That we would summon from the silent grave,
But Shakespeare, Dante, or the bard who sung
Of freed Jerusalem. The warrior's fame
Were dead, not living through the poet's
verse.

I must to bed—to dream, but not to sleep.

Verona, 1861.





VENICE.



LAST night I had a strange, unearthly
dream :

Methought I enter'd a vast city,
where

The streets were water, and I lay reclined
In an enchanted bark—nor knew I how
It floated ever onward, since naught seem'd
To give it motion in its errant course,
And all was still and silent as the grave.
The glassy bed on which the shallop swam
Was not a river, but more like the sea,
And dead save where it shimmer'd into life
Beneath the unclouded moon. No banks
were there,

But on each side rose up huge palaces,
Their portals level with the watery way.
Some massive piles as if by giants built,
Others light, airy structures, that appear'd
More like the weird creation of a dream.
Mysterious boats, with dusky trappings hung,
Pass'd and repass'd, from out whose fable
depths

Sounds that belied their gloomy origin
Flash'd on my startled ears. Anon I saw
An open space by myriad lamps illumed,
O'er which a turret threw its stately shade.
Two sides were lined by marble palaces,
And on the third a gorgeous edifice,
Rich with barbaric gold and painted walls,
And fretted work and heaven-aspiring domes,
On countless columns based and crown'd with
spires,

Loom'd indistinctly 'gainst the starry sky.
Then down a stream scarce broader than the
boat,
Beneath innumerable bridges, I

Turn'd, through thick masses of suspicious
shade.

One bridge there was that tower'd above the
rest,

And spann'd two beetling blocks, on passing
which

Deep sighs and ghastly wailings froze my
pulse.

We then plunged into gloom more deep and
dense.

* * * * *

Next morn I woke, and found myself in
Venice.

Venice, 1861.





SPEZZIA.



OW beautiful this morn! The
silver moon
Still rides in heaven as lady para-
mount,
Surrounded by a galaxy of stars.
But at each moment pales her waning charms
Before the splendour of the waking sun,
Who, in a robe of saffron-tinted sheen,
Foreshows his pompous advent. Massa's
peaks
Are still conceal'd by overhanging clouds,
Which, like a load of care, appear t'oppress
The hills' ambition with a leaden weight.
Still, still he lingers, as if loth to chafe

His unobtrusive rival from her throne,
Who pale and paler every moment grows,
Looking like maiden after midnight ball.
The east begins to glow, and to the south
Light, airy cloudlets float—pink, purple, grey.
More vivid now light flashes all around,
Vermilion now, now orange it becomes.
The Tyrrhene coast, Gorgona's isle appear.
The clouds grow crimson, the blue vault more
 blue,
Till in a blaze of unendurable light
Bursts forth the full effulgence of the day.

La Spezzia, 1861.





TO — —.



LN youth's heyday, when vivid fancy
teems
With high-wrought visions of
ideal bliss,
I never imaged in my wildest dreams
A spot so beautiful, so bright as this.

And fain would I now trace, for thy dear
lake,

The varied charms of its umbrageous shore ;
Describe the calm of its translucent lake,
Unruffled even by the fisher's oar.

Since, though to fight so fair its surface dawns,
No erring bark its treacherous bosom
cleaves;
For in the midst of it a whirlpool yawns,
That sucks all down, and not a vestige
leaves.

Yet mirror'd in its glassy face is seen
The fairy fretwork of Gandolpho's towers,
And mellow'd into softer, rarer green
Its terraced gardens and o'erhanging
bowers.

There Palazolo's white-wall'd convent stands,
And o'er it topples Monte Cavo's wood,
And close beneath the monastery's lands
Th' historic site where Alba Longa stood.

These the enchantments that my muse inspire,
Far from the busy world and haunts of
men,

And yet how faint this sketch—such scenes
require
The painter's pencil, not the poet's pen.

I feel how powerless are words to trace
The slightest semblance of this magic scene;
Yet time can ne'er its loveliness efface,
Or from my heart its living memory
wean.

And how describe the iris' violet wing,
Or neighbouring pines that hang like clouds
in air,
Which now with throstle's joyous music ring,
Now echo back the nightingale's despair.

Loft mid the concert of the feather'd choir,
Mid buzz of bees and gadding insects'
hum,
I cannot clothe my thoughts as I desire—
Mid nature's melody my voice is dumb.

But hark ! for vespers Palazolo ringing
From his lone cell each cowl'd Franciscan
woos,
And see, the sun, its dying glory flinging,
Has still for death reserved its loveliest
hues.

Think, then, if absent and alone, I see
So much to fill the heart and charm the
eyes,
What were the rapture if enjoy'd with thee ?
This spot were not then earth, but Paradise.

Albano, 1861.





GLENGARIFFE.



WOOD, water, mountain, what a
glorious scene !

Is that on which mine eyes trans-
ported hang !

The bay beneath, which but a few miles off
Is lash'd to fury by the Atlantic waves
While meeting their ungovernable surge,
Sleeps like a mountain tarn. Narcissus-like,
The emerald isles peer in the crystal deep,
As if to gaze on their own loveliness.
The shore is fringed with birch, whose aspen
arms,
Fann'd by the breath of morn, wave trem-
blingly,

And give as 'twere a movement to the lymph,
Unruffled else. Upon the northward slope
Of yonder mount the writhen thunderbolt
Seems to have left its trace, its jagged course
Being outlined there in stone. Oh! what a
spot

To prompt the poet or philosopher!
For ev'n the latter, tracking nature's springs,
Must seek for large discoveries in the mind.
We little know, in its unconscious flight,
The subtle part imagination plays.
What led Columbus to discover worlds?
More fancy's impulse than mechanic rule.
Here the rapt bard will meditating sigh,
To find what faint idea he can give
Of scene like this, which, though engraven
deep

Upon the faithful tablet of the mind,
Yet seeks in vain a medium to convey
His sense of its weird beauty to the world.
Thou to be felt, Glengariffe, must be seen.

Glengariffe, 1860.



TO G. H.



BLINDING blaze of summer
bloom,
An odoriferous perfume,
As if on Saba's shore distill'd,
With utter light and fragrance fill'd
That garden—it was trimly kept,
And look'd as if by fairies swept.
The flowers like ball-room beauties drest,
Though of the lovely loveliest,
Still in their rich apparel show'd
How much to art their nature owed.
I' the centre of an avenue,
Aloft a springing fountain threw

Fair water, in whose plashing fall
Was heard a sound most musical—
A sound expressly form'd, 'twould seem,
To make thought-laden fancy dream.
The lady of this dainty place,
Which gains from her a living grace,
Comes daily here—they say she can't
Absent herself one day from Nant.
No wonder—for I here could stay
And pass, not hours, but life away,
Where art and nature so unite
To charm the sense of smell and sight,
And nothing lacks, save certain eyes,
To make the place a Paradise.

Llysŷdulas.





TO THE RIVER GUUL, NORWAY.

HOW sweet away from cities' strife,
To lead this simple, country life,
And feel no more at school,
But free from the restraints of town,
And all its cares, to wander down
The solitary Guul.

And what enchantment! rod in hand,
To fish its sparkling stream, and land
A salmon from Flåk pool;
The rise—the rush—the lightning run—
The leap—the struggle—until done
He gasps beside the Guul.

Still fleeting are these joys, for soon
Will pass this pleasant month of June,
And steal upon us Yule,
When frozen will its surface be,
And scarce will trickle to the sea
The once abounding Guul.

But memory of these calm delights,
These halcyon days, these dreamless nights,
Nor years nor clime can cool ;
As at this month, so in December,
I'll drink to thee, as I remember
Thy summer golden Guul.

Bogen, 1869.





TO THE BRIDE—A RIVER.

HOW happy I when at thy side,
Beautiful Bride!
And though not mine thou art,
Still thou forbiddest not
That I should haunt the hallow'd spot
That so enthralls my heart.

'Tis true, at times thou murmurest,
As on thy breast
I cast my longing eyes,
And with keen expectation stretch
Toward thee my eager arms, to catch
Thy beauties as they rise.

To the Bride—A River. 57

Ah, yes ! thrice happy 'tis to stray
When lovely May
Is opening out in all her pride,
And all her sweets perfume the air,
With one so innocent and fair
As thou, belovèd Bride !

Creagh Castle.





WHAT is it sheds such magic o'er a
name?

And clothes the simplest with
such wondrous spell?

What influence doth the wayward mind inflame,
And makes it thus against itself rebel?

The name that once was like another, now
Appears imbued with some resistless sway,
Or whence this sudden flush upon my brow,
Why such emotion doth my heart betray?

Why doth my blood with such wild fever rush?
Canst thou, Maria, tell the reason why
I never see thy name without a blush,
I never hear it breathed without a sigh?



ON HEARING THAT A BEAUTIFUL GIRL
WAS DYING, IF NOT DEAD, FROM
SPASMS OF THE HEART.



HAT! Florence ill!—I can't believe
That she is suffering, whom
I saw but only yester eve,
In beauty's brightest bloom.

They only try to pierce my heart
By telling me that death
Has shot through hers an icy dart,
That she now gasps for breath.

She in the heyday of her prime,
The beautiful, the gay,
'Twere hard indeed before her time
That she were snatch'd away.

Who did where all were young and fair,
Such admiration gain?
Who moved with such a graceful air,
Who sang like Florence Fane?

How comes it then?—perhaps the Lord
Hath laid our idol low,
To chasten with avenging hand
The friends that loved her so.

And retribution thus imparts
Her havoc to atone,
That she who broke so many hearts,
Should perish through her own.

Ballyellis.



TO ———.



HY ask thee for thy photograph
When in my heart it lies?
Heaven's brightest rays are not by
half

So graphic as thine eyes.

The sunbeams when transferr'd by art
With them no sunshine bear,
The traits are like—but ah! we start,
For life is wanting there.

Where are the lightnings of the eye,
The dimples on the cheek;
The blushes which though silently,
So eloquently speak?

These are the charms no art can give,
No portraiture impart ;
These, while its colours die, still live
Undying in the heart.





TO ———.



O fresh and passing fair thy face is,
So exquisite thy mien,
That in it all the several graces
Seem haply to convene.

Art uselessly her tribute lends
Fresh beauty to impart,
And shows how nature far transcends
The trickery of art.

Thy presence even hate disarms,
Thy sovran sway to prove,
As old admirers find new charms,
And seek again thy love.

The constant hand outstretch'd to thee
By some rejected swain,
But shows how wrung the heart must be
That pleads and pleads in vain.

If thou art false my doom I know,
My hapless fate foresee,
The pain I feel for others' woe
How past all thought for me !





CUI PLACET OBLIVISCITUR, CUI
DOLET MEMINIT.



ERE I like this grey dial-stone,
To count but sunny hours,
The task how easy in this lone,
This gloomy world of ours!

For ev'n the moments of delight,
I number here will pass,
As swift as swallows in their flight,
Or breath from looking-glasses.

The web of care existence weaves,
Will banish these from view ;
And life, like autumn's yellow leaves,
Assume a jaundiced hue.

The eagle walk instarr'd with flowers,
The terrace crown'd with limes,
The myrtle that triumphant towers
In spite of wintry rimes—

The glen of mafs, where holy men
Were wont to offer prayer,
The haunted wood, the fairies' glen,
As its inhabitants fair.

The ivied abbey, the old hall,
The rushing river's bend,
That laves its base, and, more than all,
The welcome of a friend.

All, all will fade—regrets will mar
Remembrance of this spot ;
Our pleasures ne'er remember'd are,
Our sorrows ne'er forgot.

Ballynatray.



ADELINE.



WAS in the merry month of May,
When every blossom looks more
gay,
And every leaf more green ;
That in the woods of Inyerawe,
Lord Walter for the first time saw
Young Adeline.

Upon the tassell'd arches stood
Bright pearls of rain, and all the wood
Was silver'd with their sheen,
When like a vision of the night,
Upon his startled, spell-bound sight,
Flash'd Adeline.

Adown a sunlit, flowery glade,
At times she tripp'd, at times delay'd,
 Some firtling flower to glean ;
But not among them all was there
A flower so sweet, so fresh, so fair
 As Adeline.

They met—she listen'd—in her ear
He whisper'd words she blush'd to hear,
 And in that sylvan scene
They often met—they often talk'd,
But once too oft with Walter walk'd
 Loft Adeline!

The above and the two following pieces have been set
to music by the author.





STANZAS FOR MUSIC.



WHEN shall we meet again?—the
hour
Has clang'd from yon green-
mantled tower

That parts us, Madelaine ;
And as the echoes die away
They strike a chord which seems to say,
When shall we meet again ?

When shall we meet again ?—Perchance
For the last time thy earnest glance
Has pierced my aching brain,
And read the answer that despair
Imprints in living language there,
When shall we meet again ?

Few words are utter'd by the tongue,
When to its core the heart is wrung
 By agony of pain,
But now that honour bids me fly,
From out its depths escapes the cry,
 When shall we meet again?

The dreams of youth dissolve, and ope
Upon a dreary waste where hope
 Is dead, and where 'tis vain
From out the past one ray to steal,
Or ask the future to reveal,
 When we shall meet again.





STANZAS FOR MUSIC.



HEY told me I should not believe
The words that Johnny spoke,
That he was given to deceive,
And every promise broke;
They said I would repent—regret—
I do—that I cannot forget.

My mother said he was too poor
To wed ; when poverty
Show'd its gaunt visage at the door,
That love would quickly flee ;
She stopp'd my pleading by a threat—
I gave him up, but don't forget.

And often in the wakeful night,
And in the dreamy day,
My Johnny flits before my sight :
I cannot tear away
His image from my memory—yet
I strive—I struggle to forget.

The love implanted in my heart
Has taken such deep root,
That of myself it forms a part,
And bears at times such fruit,
That the sweet 'gainst the bitter set,
I would not if I could, forget.





TRANSLATIONS





TANTO GENTILE.

DANTE.



O full of grace and modesty appears
My liege, when she another doth
salute,
That not an eye to gaze upon her
dares,
And every tongue is from emotion mute.
Unmoved she hears her praise, and passes on,
Clad in the humble garb of modest worth,
Looking a thing from heaven above come
down,
To show mankind a miracle on earth.
To all the world she doth so pleasing seem,
That through the eyes enthrallment gains the
heart,

Of which who have not felt it cannot dream,
While from her lips, more swift than Cupid's
 dart,
Seems a sweet spirit full of love to fly,
Which the soul enters and there whispers—figh.





DEL PELLEGRINI.

DANTE.



Ye pilgrim guests that through our
city stray,
And upon things not present
meditate,
Come ye forsooth from countries far away,
As your appearances would indicate?
Since as ye pass along her streets, no tear
Falls o'er the dolorous city from your eye,
Nor do ye, heedless, in the least appear
To comprehend her grief's intensity.
Could ye but stay to hear the tale, my heart
Assures me with an answering sigh, that none

Would without weeping from her walls depart,
 Since from her, her own Beatrice is gone ;
To tell whose merit in the faintest guise
Would as from ours draw tears from others'
 eyes.





VOI CHE ASCOLTATE.

PETRARCA.



YE that hear in these my scatter'd
rhymes
The mournful sighs with which
I fed my heart
In the early season of my youthful crimes,
When other than from what I'm now in
part;
Not only pardon do I hope to obtain,
But ruth from those that love by suffering
know;
If in a style so varied I complain
Of wild delusions and insensate woe.

For now I fee that to the world my name
Has been a byword and a mockery,
Whence for myself I blush and feel deep shame,
The bitter fruit of my idolatry,
With that clear knowledge through which now
I deem
That the world's joys are but a short-lived
dream.





ERA IL GIORNO.



IT was that day on which the sun
grows black,
As if to mourn its Maker, that
I found
Myself, fair lady, taken all aback
By thy bright eyes, and in their trammels
bound.
Ill suited seem'd the occasion for defence
Against love's cruel and insidious blows,
So that I walk'd without suspicion, whence
My sadness for the common grief arose.
Love found me undefended 'gainst his spears,
And saw a pathway open to the heart

Through eyes become an outlet but for tears ;
Still 'twas no honour, as I deem, to dart
Shafts against one unarmed, nor ev'n to show,
Armed as he was from head to foot, his bow.





SON ANIMALI.

PETRARCA.



SOME animals there are of such
strong sight,
That the sun's noontide splendour
they can bear;
Some blinded are by its excessive light,
Nor to go forth, except at evening, dare.
Others there are whose foolish wishes turn
Them towards the sun, because that it doth
shine,
Who find it also has the power to burn.
The latter case, alas! resembles mine;
For I'm not strong enough to endure the
blaze

Of that fair fun,—my liege,—nor know I
how
In darksome places to escape its rays,
Since through these wet weak eyes, O
Fortune! thou
Lead'ft me to fee the goal of my defire ;
Thus I purfue what fets my foul on fire.





QUANTO PIU M' AVVICINO.

PETRARCA.



S nearer I approach the final day
That makes man's misery of brief
duration,
More swiftly I behold time pass
away,
And that my trust in it is vain vexation.
Not long methinks shall I be led astray
By love, since fleetier than fresh-fallèn snow
Diffolves this heavy load of cumbrous clay,
Through which we have a respite from our
woe.
With death will those insensate hopes expire ·
That caused me, mad-like, for so long to rave,

And fears and laughter, and laments and ire ;
And then a clearer insight we shall have,
How oft by paths uncertain we advance,
How oft repine and sigh through ignorance.





SOLO E PENSOSO.

PETRARCA.



ALONE and pensive through the
fields I go,
The desert fields, with slow and
measured pace,
Mine eyes intent to shun the paths that show
Of man's propinquity the slightest trace :
No other means are left me in this need
To scape the sharp observance of my kin,
Who in these joyless lineaments can read
By my exterior how I burn within.
So that I fancy every hill and field
And wood and river know the hapless state

Of this my life, that is from man conceal'd.

Still track I cannot find so defolate,
But that Love ever at my side doth skim
With me converging, as I do with him.





I'VO PIANGENDO.

PETRARCA.



MOURN, I mourn, the bygone
years that I
In loving thing of mortal mould
have spent ;
Pinions I had, yet used them not to fly,
To crawl ignobly on the ground content.
O King of heaven ! eterne, invifible,
Which feeft my wickednefs, do not deny
To guide my erring thoughts when they rebel,
And their defect with heavenly grace fupply,
That if I've lived in tempeft and in strife,
I may in harbour and in quiet die ;

That glorious be the ending of my life,
If its career was vain ; and, ah ! be nigh
To cheer what little yet remains to me.
Thou knowest well—I hope alone in Thee !





SE LAMENTAR.

PETRARCA.



HERE birds their melancholy
descant sing,
And trees wave softly in the
summer air ;
Where lucid water ripples murmuring—
Heard from a fresh and flowery margent,
where
I of love thinking, may sit down and write ;
I see, I hear, and understand her whom
Heaven show'd but earth conceals : ev'n from
that height
Her sweet voice answers mine—" Ah ! why
consume

Thyself before thy time ?" she softly cries.

" Why for the dead indulge a living flame,
Why pour a dolorous river from thine eyes ?

Weep not for me, dear friend, my days
became

Dying, eterne—and in eternal light,

When mine eyes seem'd to close, they gain'd
new fight."





IN QUAL PARTE DEL CIEL.

PETRARCA.



HERE in the heavens or in what
form below
Was found the idea from which
Nature took
That lovely face in which she wish'd to show
On earth the glimpse of a celestial look:
Tresses of gold so exquisitely fine,
What goddesses ever freed to summer's breath?
When did one heart such excellence combine,
Although the prime one's guilty of my
death?
In vain he seeks for angel loveliness,
Who has not seen with what seductive lure

She turns her eloquent eyes ; nor can he guess
How love is able both to kill and cure,
Who knows not with what sweet sighs she
beguiles,
And how she sweetly speaks and sweetly smiles!





LASSO CHE MAL ACCORTO.

PETRARCA.



LAS! how unconscious was I when
 love's flame
First fear'd my bosom in that
 fatal hour,
And by degrees the tyrant lord became
 Of this my life, with full and sovran power.
I little deem'd with what persistent art
 It was enabled to pierce through, at length,
The stubborn firmness of my harden'd heart.
 But so fall those who overrate their strength.
Henceforth I know all remedy is vain,
 Other than this, my last resource, to essay

If love will heed to man's entreaties deign ;
But prayers are vain, nor will I idly pray
That my heart may more measuredly respire,
But that she feel some portion of its fire.





IO AMAI SEMPRE.

PETRARCA.



EVER loved—nor yet from love
forbear ;
Nay, I will love from day to day
still more,
That sweet, sweet spot where weeping I repair,
Oft as love ravages my love-sick core.
And I'm resolved to love the time, the hour
That all low thoughts within me has subdued,
And her the most whose angel face had power
To win me by example to do good.
But who could those dear foes, from every part,
(Foes whom I cherish), aye expect to see

Together banded to assail my heart !

Ah ! with what forces, Love, thou conquereft
me.

Yes—did not hope keep pace with my desire,
When I most wish to live, I should expire.





IO SON SI STANCO.

· PETRARCA.



O burden'd with the old accustom'd
load
Of vicious habits and of sin am I,
That I fear greatly fainting on the
road,
And falling captive to the enemy.
There came to save me a great friend,—'tis true,
With utter kindness, who did not remain ;
Since from my sight, scarce seen, away he flew,
And though I strive to see him, it is vain.
But still his voice re-echoes in mine ear :
O ye that travail, come, come unto me,

If others close it not, the way is clear.

What love, what favour, or what destiny
Will furnish me with wings, that, as a dove,
I may quit earth, and seek repose above?





CESARE POI.

PETRARCA.



ESAR, what time the Egyptian
traitor made
Him present of his foeman's
honour'd head,
To mask the joy that o'er his features play'd,
Dissembling, wept aloud,—as it is said.
And Hannibal, when he beheld how Fate
Against the sorely-stricken empire turn'd,
His grim resentment to alleviate
Laugh'd 'mid the masses that around him
mourn'd.
Thus does it happen that the mind conceals

Its every passion under false disguise,
And ever opposite to what it feels.

Hence if at times I fign or smile, it is
Simply because I know no other way
To hide the anguish I would not betray.





OR CHE IL CIELO.

PETRARCA.



OW that the birds and beasts deep
 slumbering are,
That winds are hush'd, and still
 the earth and sky,
That round the heavens, Night wheels her
 silver car,
And in their bed the waveless waters lie,—
I watch, I think, I burn, I weep,—for still
 Before me stands the undoer of my peace.
My life's a war, nor does my poignant ill,
 Save when I think of my destroyer, cease.
Thus from one clear and living fountain spring

The sweets and bitters upon which I feed ;
One hand there is that doth while healing sting,
Hence martyrdoms to martyrdoms succeed.
A thousand times each day, I live, I die,
So far removed from a sound state am I.





LEVOMMI IL MIO PENSIER.

PETRARCA.



Y thoughts exalted me to regions
where
She is I seek on earth, but find
no more,
And high in heaven, I beheld her,—fair,
Much fairer, but less haughty than before.
Taking my hand, she whisper'd, "In this sphere,
My wishes granted, thou wilt join me yet ;
I am she who troubled so thy life's career,
And pass'd my day before its sun had set.
My bliss can't be conceived by mortal mind,
I wait but thee, and what thou lovedst so,

My beauteous form, which is in earth inshrined."

Why cease—why ope her hand, and let me
go?

Since by those chaste, compassionate accents
I sway'd,

But little wanted that in heaven I stay'd.





CHI VUOL VEDER.

PETRARCA.



HO would behold what Nature can
devise
And Heaven create, should her
contemplate who
Alone's a fun,—not solely in mine eyes,
But in the purblind world's unheeding view.
Let him come soon, since Death first steals the
best,
And suffers the most criminal to stay,
And this fair thing, expected by the blest,
Remains not here, but, mortal, flits away.
Here, if in time, he will each virtue see,

Habits most noble, beauty exquisite,
Knit in one frame with wondrous harmony.

Then that I'm blinded from excess of light,
And that my verse is voiceless, he will say,
But will for ever weep, if he delay.





NE MAI PIETOSA MADRE.

PETRARCA.



O her dear child, affectionate mother
ne'er,
Ne'er to her darling husband,
loving wife,
Gave with such tender, such solicitous care,
Counsel so faithful in the straits of life
As unto me that angel, who above,
Beholding my sad exile here below,
Oft turns upon me her old look of love,
Fraught with a twofold sympathy, as now
She with a mother's honest warmth doth fear,
Now with a lover's burns,—then speaking
shows

What things to shun, and what to follow here ;
Recounts our life's vicissitudes and woes,
Then prays I soon may join her 'mid the blest,
Alone she speaking, have I peace or rest.





ERANO I CAPEI D'ORO.

PETRARCA.

LOOSE were her golden tresses in
the air,
Which toss'd them in disorder in-
finite,

And from her lustrous eyes, now seen so rare,
A radiance shone beyond all measure bright.
Her face (I know not if it truth express'd)
Flush'd with compassionate regard became,
Then with such amorous touchwood in my
breast

What marvel that I burst forth into flame?
Not as a mortal's did her gait appear,
No,—'twas an angel that I gazed upon;

An angel's voice, too, 'twas that rapt mine ear,
A heavenly spirit, a quick, living fun,
Was she I saw,—if she be not so now,
The wound still galls, although relax'd's the
bow.





BENEDETTO SIA 'L GIORNO.

PETRARCA.

BLEST be the year, the month, the
very day,
The time, the season, the auspicious
hour,

The land, the spot, where I first felt the sway
Of two bright eyes that bound me in their
power.

Blest be the first delicious tender woe
When smit by Love I felt his poignant dart;
Blest be the fatal arrows and the bow,
And the sweet wounds that pierced me to the
heart;

Blest the unnumber'd fair accounts that I,

Calling my liege by name, have spread around ;
Blest be the longing wish, the tear, the sigh,
Blest every page in which she lives renown'd
Through this my pen,—blest every thought
and care
Which are but hers, in which none others share.





ROTTA È L'ALTA COLONNA.

PETRARCA.



ALLEN is the column and the
laurel tree
Whose kindly shade refresh'd
me when oppress'd,
Loft have I what I dare not hope to see
In north and south, in farthest east or west.
Through death a double treasure I deplore
That made me happy, confident, and bold,
Which neither earth nor empire can restore,
Nor Oriental gem, nor power of gold.
But if this be the settled will of fate,
What can I more in my affliction do

Than downcast look, with eyes for ever wet ?

O life, which art so beautiful to view !

How easily in one morning disappears

The fruit acquired by toil of many years.





NON PUO FAR MORTE.

PETRARCA.



DEATH cannot make her fairest
face unfair,
But her fair face can lend a
charm to death.
What need have I of other guidance there
Than what her own example furnisheth?
And He who was not miser of His blood,
And with bold foot burst through the gates
of hell,
Seems by His dying to prove death a good.
Come then, O death! I like thy coming well,
And do not tarry, for the time has come,
Though not in fact,—it really arrived

The hour my lady left her earthly home,
 Since which a fingle day I have not lived ;
So bound in her's my life was, that my day
Was turn'd to night when Laura pass'd away.





VAGO AUGELLETTO.

PETRARCA.



DEAR little bird, that pourest forth
thy song,
Or weepest mournfully time
pass'd away,
Seeing that night and winter are so long,
And all so distant the delights of May.
If, as thou feelest thy own misery
Thou knew'st how similar my sufferings were,
Thou wouldst to this disconsolate bosom fly,
The dolorous anguish of my heart to share.
I know not if our lots are like, since she
Thou mournest, it may be, is still alive,

A fate begrudged by Heaven and Death to me.

But now the season and sad hour revive
Remembrance of those sweet and bitter years,
And bid me seek thy sympathy with tears.





LN the sweet echoes that extracted
are
By thy swift fingers from the
trembling chords,
Thou tell'st of love in language clearer far
Than were attainable by subtlest words.
Before such sounds all dolorous visions flee,
Like shades before the sun, and as I still
Imbibe the magic of such melody,
Loft in enthrallment is the force of will.
In itself perfect every note appears,
With a new spirit of love's power replete,

When touch'd by thy dear hand—as moun-
tain airs

Are fill'd with fragrance fresher and more
sweet,

If at morn straying through some odorous
bower

They brush the uncover'd petal of a flower.





GLI OCCHI DI CH'IO.

PETRARCA.



THE eyes of which I once so fondly
fung,
The arms, the hands, the feet,
the lovely face
That me so wholly from myself have wrung,
And made so unlike others of my race.
The wavy tresses of pure, lucent gold,
The flash of that angelic smile, which made
Of earth a paradise, have now to cold
Unsentient, immaterial dust decay'd.
And yet I live,—and, groping in the dark,
Lament that light beloved so much, so long,

The tempest raging, pilotless my bark ;
Then hush'd for ever be my love-plumed
song :
Spent is the fire that erst so fiercely burn'd,
And into mourning is my music turn'd.





SI SPESSO A CONSOLARMI.

SANAZZARO.



SWEET sleep returns to comfort me
so oft
That almost I begin to wish for
death,
Which is, perchance, more pleasing and more
soft,
And sweeter, too, than man imagineth ;
For if the mind can understand and see
When the dull limbs are languishing and
dead,
And that more comforted I seem to be
When from the body waking thought has
fled,

Not vain my hope that when my soul at last
Has burst the bond of her terrestrial chain,
She wake and see and her own pleasures taste.
Rejoice then, soul, though vex'd by present pain,
Since if on earth such joy to thee is given,
What bliss will thine be in thy native heaven!





MENTRE CHE' AMOR.

SANNAZARO.



WHILE love with fair ingenuous
deceit,
In its first fond delusions nursed
my heart,
My mind, in verse compassionate and sweet,
Sought its sad tale of suffering to impart;
But when from year to year increased the stings,
And from their lofty height the flowers fell
down,
Driven from those sweet sublime imaginings,
Back on itself the conscious mind was thrown;
Hence the short course of mortal life I spend
In lengthen'd silence and in utter shade,

Nor care for fame or other worldly end.

Then, lady, seek some better, worthier aid,
A safer guide discover with thy wit,

For I am worn, and waisted, and unfit.





COME CREDER DEBB'IO.

ARIOSTO.



HOW can I deem, O Lord, that Thou
wilt hear
My cold and lifeless prayers, if
while the voice
Cry for deliverance, Thou beholdest clear
How in my bondage I at heart rejoice ?
Do Thou who know'st the truth deliver me,
Though my mad passions would the boon
deny,
And, ah ! send down Thy favour speedily,
Before I am doom'd a death of sin to die.
Pardon my many sins, O Lord eterne,
And the foul habits which so blind mine eyes

That they can scarcely good from ill discern.

To spare the penitent, man's province is,
But Thou, O Lord, alone canst drag from hell
Those who, lip-praying, still at heart rebel.





WRITTEN ON THE STATUE
OF NIGHT,

BY MICHAEL ANGELO.



ROUGH by an angel in this massy
stone
Is Night, which in such graceful
pose you see,
And, since she sleeps, has life, as here is shown :
If doubtful, wake her,—she will speak to thee.

*Michael Angelo impersonating the
statue replies :*

Sweet is my sleep, still more of stone to be ;
While shame and suffering exist below,
Thrice blest am I that cannot feel or see,
So wake me not,—I prythee whisper low.



POI CHE SDEGNO.

TRISSINO.

SINCE scorn has now unriveted the
chain
That Beauty forged and Love
insidious wound,
And that comes back my liberty again
From her whose hand the links too tightly
bound;
To its true good my spirit would return,
By madness erewhile driven for a thought
That caused within my wayward heart to burn
Ill-founded hopes, and pleasures which are
naught.

That led by impulse of more holy birth,
I may perchance at that fair path arrive
Which disunites us from all thoughts of earth.
And reason which in me was scarce alive,
But in another's impure keeping lay,
May take the reins and o'er the senses sway.





LIETA E CHIUSA.

BEMBO.



YE sweet secluded haunts to which I
fly,
Well pleased to shun the world
and live alone,
Who grudges me amid your shade to lie,
Now that so fervent the sun's rays have
grown?
Seldom 'mid you I feel or grief or ire,
And ne'er so oft is fixed on heaven my sight,
Not elsewhere do my studies so inspire
Me with the wish to reach a higher flight.
The sweets of solitude ye taught to me,
From you I first learn'd how surpassing sweet

It is to feel from care and crosses free.

O stream beloved ! O well beloved retreat !
Would I could change this sea and esplanade
For your cool waters and refreshing shade.





PADRE ETERNO DEL CIEL.

VITTORIA COLONNA.



ETERNAL Father, with what grace,
what love,
What light, what varied kind-
ness dost Thou free
Man from the world and from himself, and
move
His heart, that freely it return to Thee ;
Return'd, thou warm'st it with Thy quick'ning
breath,
And dost with knots the most tenacious bind,
And clenchest it with such strong nails, that
death
Appears a living honour to the mind.

Thoughts such as these a steadfast faith inspire,
Through which is light, and through light
hope reveal'd,
And hope gives life to still sublimer fire,
Whence to the soul the fleshly passions yield,
Rebel no more,—nay, both together fly,
Of mortal cares disdainful, to the sky.





PARMI CHE'L SOL.

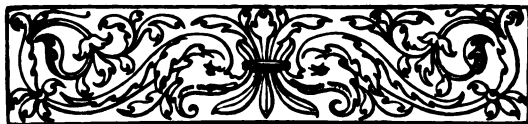
VITTORIA COLONNA.



HE sun, methinks, his wonted light
denies,
Less brilliant, too, his sister's
glories are,
I see not wheeling through the ornate skies
Or friendly planet or resplendent star.
A heart with valour arm'd no more I see,
Fled is true honour, glory fair is fled,
And their companions, truth and chivalry.
The trees are leafless and the flowrets dead,
Alone I see wild waters and black air,
The wind refreshment gives not, nor fire heat,

All things on earth a different aspect wear
Since Death my sun took to his dark retreat.
The course of nature in disorder lies,
Or truth is veil'd by sorrow from mine eyes.





ORRIDA NOTTE.

L. TANSILLO.



HIDEOUS night, whose fable
locks unbound,
Beneath a veil of teeming dark-
ness lie,
Come forth from thy dark caverns under-
ground,
And Nature's face in thy black colours dye.
I who have fretted at thy cold delay,
Not less than from the fever I endure,
How I would praise thee if thou wouldst but
stay,
And me some sleep, ev'n for one night,
procure!

I'd say that thou cam'st down from heaven,
that thou
Hadst myriad star-inwoven crowns, whose
light
Adorns the world ; that to the wearied brow
Thou gavest rest, contentment, and delight.
In short, so many fair things I would say
That of sheer envy would expire the day.





DOGLIA CHE VAGA.

G. DELLA CASA.



O that distress which woman brings
the heart,
When wounding it with her
empiercing eyes,
No balm can Ida's dittany impart,
Nor lengthen'd weeping, nor despairing cries.
Fly then from love,—they best resist love's wiles
Who run least risk in the unequal war ;
When lovely woman sweetly speaks and smiles,
Laments are present, death itself not far.
For with one look fair woman, when she wills,
Can lure the eye and rive the heart in twain.

Ah ! monstrous poison, that in pleasing kills,
Who knows of antidote to such a bane !
Ah, no ! the sole correctives we possess
'Gainst love, are absence and forgetfulness.





MORMORANTI.

E. DI VALVASONE.



FRESH, historic murmuring river,
Clearer than any crystal, and
more pure,
May Heaven for ever love you,
and for ever
From the fierce dog-star and his rage secure.
On you, now rushing lifelike through these
rocks,
Ah, may no tempest fall, no harm descend ;
May you unfulled or by swain or flocks,
From adverse fate, benignant Heaven defend.
May your fair Naiads' loves meet happy end,
May both your banks unfading verdure wear,

And every season some fresh beauty lend
To your translucent waters. Only bear
My image, whose reflection they have caught,
To her who tempers and controls my
thought.





LA PRIGION FU.

F. COPPETTA.



○ fair the tomb was where the soul
was laid
And did so forcibly the eyefight
win,
That to regard the outside others stay'd,
Regardless of the beauties hid within.
But since with winter disappear'd the rose,
Since now the light of those bright eyes is
seal'd,
The spirit with refreshen'd vigour shows
A thousand treasures hitherto conceal'd.
There modesty and courtesy have place,
Of other virtues, too, the sacred quire

That man endows with fortitude and grace.

Blind must they be who see and not admire.

Ah! blest am I who, seeing this, far more
Than erst I loved the body, now the soul
adore.





LA BELLA PARGOLETTA.

TORQUATO TASSO.



HE girl who in her youth's first
flower
Has ne'er felt love within her
heart,
Nor heard from others of his power,
Still with her lovely eyes will dart,
And all unconscious smile,
Nor knows what arms she has the while.
Say, then, what fault with her be found,
If men fall victims to those arms
She never knew would wound?
Oh, innocent and homicidal charms,
'Tis time that you by love were shown
What pain we suffer, in your own.



DIODATI.

MILTON.



TELL thee, Diodati, with surprise,
That I who erstwhile ridiculed
the thought
Of love, and did its stratagems
despise,
Am in its toils, like many another, caught.
Still, 'tis not vermeil cheek nor golden hair
That dazzles me, or to whose charms I bow ;
No—'tis the beauty of the heart, most rare,
A dignified deportment, and a brow
That with the light of lovely darkness shines,
Discourse enrich'd with language more than
one,

And songs that from her star-encircled shrines
Enabled were to draw the labouring moon,
And eyes, in which a fire so eloquent glows
That of small use 'twould be the ears to close.





ANCH'IO.

MAGGI.



TOO when spring ran riot in my
veins,
Vaunted love's fever, which consumed me long,
And, telling to the muse my darling pains,
Made of my bitter complaints a honied song.
But now that sober manhood shows to me
The senseless folly of my youthful years,
And that more clearly their deceit I see,
My singing is converted into tears.
Repentance thus has led me to lament,
And if youth's rapture was alloy'd with ills

My heart has now grown tranquil and content,
Since sorrow vivifies, while pleasure kills.
As mad enjoyments, though so brief, destroy,
So sage affliction leads to lasting joy.





ITALIA! O ITALIA.

FILICAJA.



ITALY! O Italy! to whom
Fate most disastrous beauty gave,
whence thou
Infinite ills inheritest; thy doom
Thou bearest branded on thy frowning brow.
Ah! hadst thou been more strong, or even less
fair,
Then would they fear thee more or love thee
less
Who by thy beauty seem consumed, yet dare
Challenge to death the idol they care for.
Then from the Alps I had not seen a flood
Of soldiers sweep, or Gallic steeds dash down

And drink, the Po encarnadined with blood ;
Nor seen thee, girt with weapons not thine
own,
Aid at the hands of alien peoples crave,
Victor or vanquish'd, still for ever slave !





OV' E ITALIA.

FILICAJA.



HERE is thy own arm, Italy? Ah,
why
Employ another's? Thy de-
fenders far
Surpass thy offenders in ferocity ;
Both were thy slaves, both now thy foemen
are.
If't thus thou keep'st the honour? is it thus
Thou wouldst the glorious empire's fame
preserve?
Thus towards that valour which was pledged
to us,
Our fathers' valour, thou wouldst faith
observe?

Away,—thy ancient strength repudiate ;
Go,—sleep and listless indolence espouse,
'Mid blood, groans, shrieks, and perils still more
great.

Sleep, vile Adulterers! till the falchion rouse
Thee from thy torpor, and, exposed thy charms,
Thee slay befotted in thy lover's arms.





FILICAJA.



DEATH, that tak'ft ſo great a part
of me,
And leav'ft the other outside thy
domain,
If what love is was ever felt by thee,
Or take this too, or give that back again.
But if thy ſway ſo far extendeth not,
Me with thy native ice at leaſt endow,
And 'gainſt the blows of my unhappy lot
Thou who offendedſt ſo, defend me now.
For neither power of herbs, nor magic art,
Nor reaſon's balm ſuffice to numb the
pain,

Or close the wounds of my afflicted heart,
Whence to my natural forrow giving rein,
Weep, weep, I must, and try my grief to assuage
By tracing her fair image on this page.





AURA SOAVE.

MOZZARELLO.



SOFT breeze that toyeſt ſweetly with
the air,
And, wantoning amid the ſhrubs
and flowers,
Firſt gathereſt the odours which they bear,
And then diffuſeſt them in fragrant ſhowers :
O verdant meadow ! O fair ruſhing ſtream,
Retreat moſt grateful to my amorous fire,
That oft haſt liſten'd to the love-ſick theme
Of hopes, and fears, and feveriſh deſire.
Henceforth thoſe ſounds ſo often heard by
you
I to an end, a very end would bring,

And much can will when ruled by reason do.

Still, if of her no more I weep or sing,

It cannot be I ever shall forget

This verdant meadow and this rivulet.





GUARINI.



THIS mortal life, which seems so fair,
Is like a feather tempest-toft,
That favouring currents upward
bear,
But which is in a moment lost.
Still if at times from earth it spring
In daring and adventurous flight,
And floats in air on outpoised wing,
It is because its nature's light.
But soon in thousand twists and turns
To earth, since being of earth, returns.



GUARINI.



H, little bird ! how very dear thou
art,
And how resemblest thy own
suffering

To the sad state of my enamour'd heart :

Both captives are, and as thou sing'st I sing.
Thou sing'st to her whose charms have smitten
thee,

So, with this most unfortunate difference, I
Sing, but to drown the pangs of memory ;
In song thou livest, while I singing die.





GUARINI.



ROSE Lycoris gave her flame,
A rose, methought, in Eden
rear'd,
And giving it so red became
That she herself a rose appear'd.
“ Ah ! ” falter'd Batto, with a sigh
That did his heartfelt love disclose,
“ Unworthy, darling girl, am I
To keep as gift the giving rose ? ”

Love, laughing, taunted rose-crown'd May :
“ How soon your flowers' sweet summer
closes ! ”
But the fair Season answer'd :—“ Say,
Last your joys longer than my roses ? ”



CHE FAR POTEA.

ZAPPI.



W^{HAT} by herself could the ill-fated
bride
Of Collatino in such danger do ?
She wept,—she pray'd,—entreaties
vainly tried,
Vain were the tears that did her cheeks
bedew.
Like falcon hanging o'er a dove, the sword
In menace o'er her ivory bosom flew,
But with none help or counsel to afford,
What could the lonely, ill-starr'd woman do ?
She should have died before she sinned, we
know,
But in herself how sinn'd the fair, what time

She with her life's-blood stain'd the dagger?

—No;

Alone Tarquinio perpetrated crime,
Against—not with her. She was guilty too,
But only when her guiltless self she slew.





THE LAST FAREWELL.

ZAPPI.

DEEP in my mind that night doth
memory keep
When home I left, and left my
Mary there,
That dark, disastrous night.—I saw her weep,
Never less proud she was, nor aye more fair.
Oft, oft we said "Farewell," again, "Farewell,"
And where 'twas planted, there the foot
remain'd ;
Oft, oft we parted, but the foot still fell
On the same spot, although to part we feign'd.
The night at length is past, the day appears,
When in my extreme agony I said,—

But what said I, if floods of bitter tears
All utterance choked ? I left, by blind fate
sped ;
But how left I ?—I cannot well aver,
I only know I am no more with her.





DUE NINFE.

ZAPPI.



WO maidens rivals were, in face
and speech,
In power of song, in motion, in
repose ;

And lovely so that near the other each

Star with a star appear'd, twin rose with rose.

'Twere hard to say if this or that could bear

The palm of beauty from her rival—you
Could truly say none other is so fair,

But could not name the fairest of these two.
If such a couple had appear'd before

The Idan shepherd, not Cythæra's queen
In charm of face had gain'd the victory o'er

This peerless pair. Which, then, had conqueror been?
Either the apple Paris had divided,
Or the great contest were still undecided.





CHI MI VEDE.

S. MAFFEI.



He that beholds me with wan countenance
Walk through this forest slowly
and alone,
And how from time to time, as in a trance,
I rooted stand, like one transform'd to stone;
How oft I plunge into the blindest ways,
The most impervious and the most profound;
How oft mine eyes that stream with tears I
raise
Up to the sky, then cast them on the
ground:
"Ah! in what poignant anguish," he would say,
"In what affliction is that wretched man,

Who seems at times to breathe his soul away."

Fool! thou but little knowest how love can
The senses steal, and sighs with sweets alloy;
I would not give my tears for all thy joy.





QUANDO LA FE.

CASAREGI.



WHEN my thoughts, plumed with
faith from sphere to sphere
Soar beyond heaven, O Lord,
before my fight
Thou dost amid Thy wingèd choirs appear
Within Thine own incomprehensible light.
And if from thence to my own primal night
I turn with only reason for my guide,
All tells of Thee and of Thy Image bright,
Which ev'n on earth in man is testified;
I see Thy Spirit, which infuses power
In earth's huge mass, and causes life to spring

Within the grafs, the leaf, the fruit, the flower.

I fee Thee, borne on gentle breezes, wing
Thy way through air and water—yea, Thou art
Seen in all places fave my finful heart.





DONNA CHE BELLA SIA.

BONDI.



WOMAN that lovely is, nor steals
Her charms from artificial aid ;
With docile mind, a heart that
feels,

And manners sweet and nobly bred.
Not quick to love, or to be won,

Whose sense and modesty despise—
Constant and true, content with one—

Ev'n to seem fair in others' eyes.
“Find, piteous god,” to Love I said,
“Find me that girl, where'er she be ;
For I would love her,—nay, would wed.”

“If thou canst love aught else,” cried he,
“Renounce thy plan, for such I ween
Was ne'er in my dominion seen.”



IL SOGNO.

METASTASIO.



HE whose love my life endears,
In sleep, at least, sometimes appears,
To assuage my heart's sad ache.
Ah, love! if fair and just thou art,
To these sweet dreams more truth impart,
Or never let me wake.





VITORELLI.



HEAVEN made us happy fathers
desolate,
Taking our daughters, modest,
wise, and fair.
For seeing each worthy of a nobler fate,
Heaven summon'd both from our paternal
care.
From Hymen's brightly blazing torches, mine
Death hurried to an early sepulchre
Within a convent's seal'd enclosure, thine
Hath given herself eternal prisoner.
But thou, at least, art left some little cheer,
Since from the passle's portals of thy
daughter

Thou canst her gentle, pious accents hear,
While blinded I by floods of bitterest water
Rush to that marble where my angel lies,
And knock, and knock, and knock,—but none
replies.





ADAPTED FROM THE ITALIAN OF VITORELLI.



AFTER the ball-room's glare,
And fever, what delight
To breathe this balmy air,
And view the chasten'd light,
Which o'er the clear serene
The sky's fair regent throws ;
How tranquil is the scene,
What silence, what repose!

No gadding zephyr breathes
Among the branching firs,
Amid the festoon'd wreaths
Not even a leaflet stirs :

The nightingale alone
From bough to bough doth move,
And in a plaintive tone
Calls to his absent love.

She, startled at his cries,
Quick as she can, draws near,
And lovingly replies,
“ Ah, weep not ! I am here.”
What tender troth they vow,
Their sighs how soft they be ;
Why, Mary, wilt not thou
Make such response to me ?





QUANDO ELPIN.

F. ROMANI.



WHEN Elpin, weeping, perseveres
To supplicate thy love, thy ruth,
Place not too much belief in tears,
For they but seldom tell the
truth.

With one benignant glance thou mayst
Thy lover's martyrdom console,
But let the glance thou giv'st be chaste,
His bold assurance to control.

It may be he request a smile,
One little smile do not deny ;
But let him see thee coy the while,
Nor with another smile reply.

But if he should a kifs demand,
One kifs alone and nothing more ;
That, Rose, with all thy strength withstand,
The kifs bestow'd,—all, all is o'er.

Thou know'st not what fierce fire it wakes,
What poison the sweet lips convey,
It adds fresh force to him who takes,
From her who gives takes all away.

When maiden yielding to its flames
For the first time her love has kist,
“ Give all the rest,” the heart exclaims,
And she's too feeble to resist.



ALFIERI.



WHAT! here in this neglected tomb
remain
The bones of the great epic bard,
who sole
Made the antique trump resound in modern
strain,
And echo through the world from pole to
pole?
What!—Rome a monument to him deny
Who soar'd to heaven upon immortal wings,
While here, in this your greatest temple, lie
The wretched rabble of your bishop-kings?
Ye swarms of dead that never were alive,
Arise! begone! and let the Vatican

Be purged from the foul smells that still survive,

And in its fairest midst be placed a man.

There were a shrine sole worthy of the two,
To Tasso raised by Michael Angelo.





SONNET AFFIXED TO THE PORTAL OF
ST. PETER'S, ROME.

March 10, 1861.



WHEN the pale judge to abject terror
prey,
To his proposal bade the mob
reply,
In their black rancour unrelenting they
Cried "Live Barabbas, and let Jesus die!"
He died—borne down by the disgrace and
pain,
And was beholden hanging from the tree,
But the third day triumphant rose again,
Crown'd with the palms of his new victory.
Drunkards, perceiving not their sin's extent,

Pius ! prefer a robber unto thee,
And in their madness are most confident.
But as God-man invincible thou'lt see,
Phoenix-like rising, at thy feet fall down
Him who now dares to snatch away thy
crown.





THE FOLLOWING THREE PIECES ARE FROM
PROFESSOR SEVERINI'S RENDERING OF
THE ORIGINAL JAPANESE.



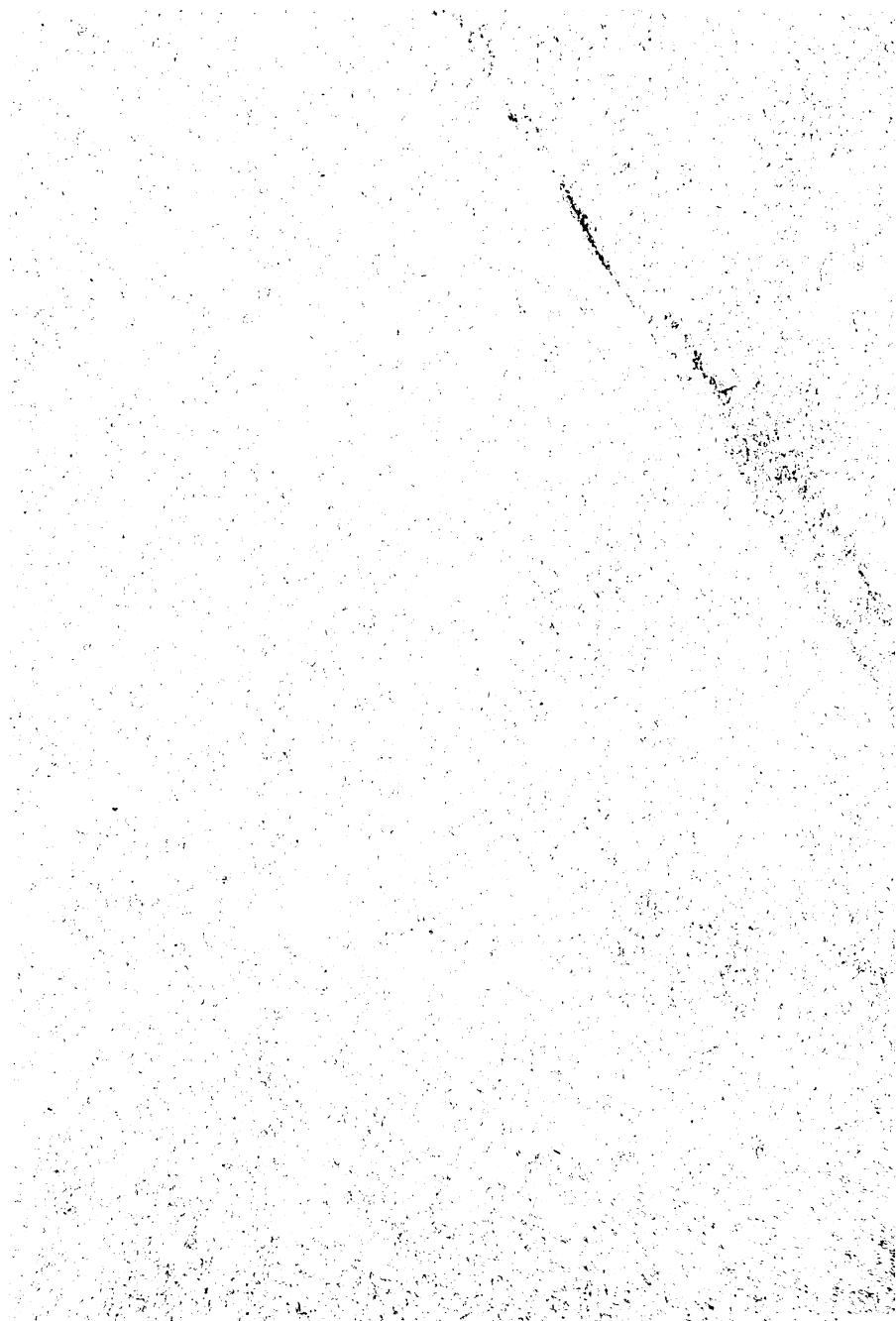
HE lilies on Cogava's brink
Toss their fair heads on high,
While low their shadow-sisters sink,
Of their own beauty shy.
Ah! why as when a child, ah, why
Can I not wet my sleeve with the certainty
Of gathering those which at the bottom lie?

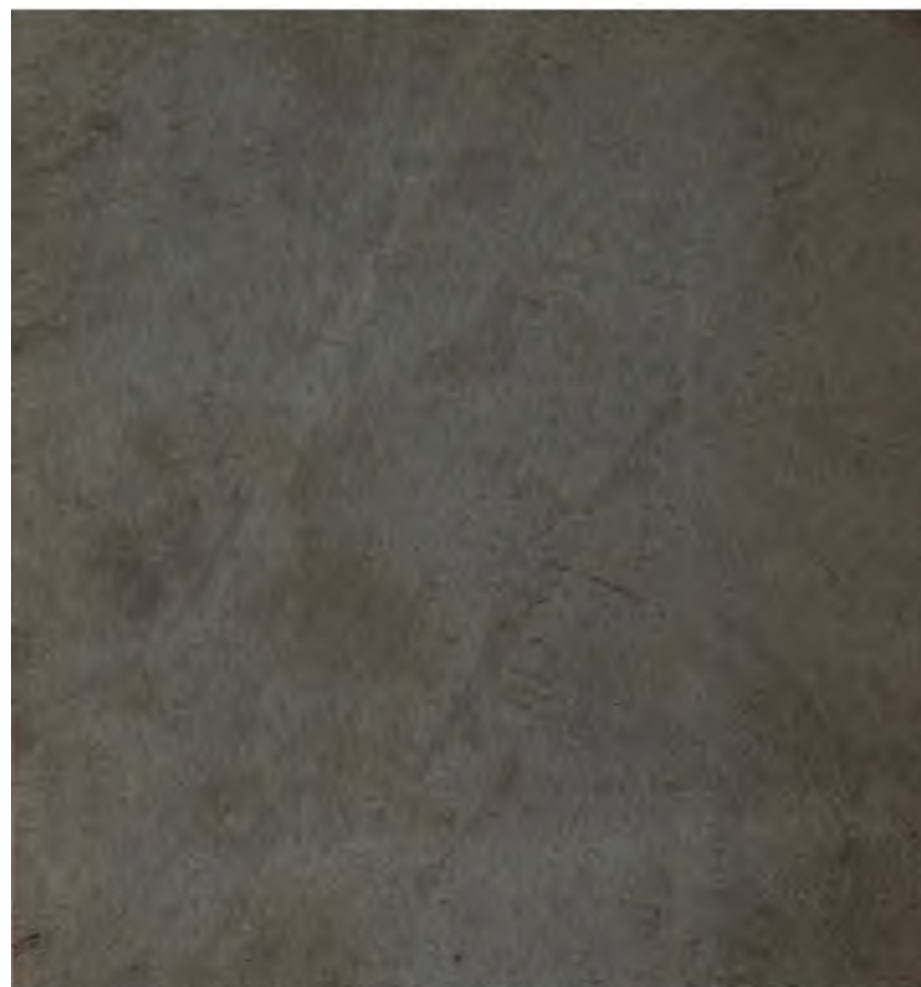
The bird of song in Naniva
Her home of plum-flowers forms,
But by her tears
Betrays her fears

Left they be swept away
By desolating storms.
But to preserve unharm'd those flowers,
Could tender tears avail,
Dost think I'd weep less plenteous showers
Than thou, poor Nightingale !

Where is the realm of the wind,
The flowers' implacable foe ?
For I would forth to encounter it. But no,
Blest rather are ye flowers that find
Death sweet, disperse and disappear ;
Man has on earth a long career,
But where's the thing, whatever be its span,
Whose end is half so sad as that of man ?

Florence, 1877.







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